

a HALLOWEEN fairy tale



sarah diemer

Once upon a
Hallow's Eve

Once Upon a Hallow's Eve: A Halloween Fairy Tale
by Sarah Diemer

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Kindle Edition

Stories often begin with “Once upon a time,” or “Once there was--” charming lines that imply a fairy tale. Our story starts with wolves in the woods, and, by degrees, gets worse.

This tale, as you can imagine, is not the charming sort.

It begins in the Tangled Wood--that gnarled, nasty forest of hardened trees and whispered footfalls, where dark comes early and there are no paths--you have to make your way alone.

It also begins with a young woman, harvesting apples. The sun is setting, and she is a pretty thing with black curls and wine dark eyes and skin as sweet as moonshine. But none of these things matter in the Tangled Wood, the dangerous wood. She sings songs and she dances a little, balancing her basket, reaching for the harvest. Apples fall and darkness comes, yet she is not afraid.

Her name is Emmie, and she has grown tall and strong beneath the shadow of these trees, these myths. She is not afraid of the darkness, for it has never touched her. In the strange half land of her home, she has been raised to fear these woods...yet she has never heeded the warnings, and played beneath the trees even as they reached to touch her, black limbs haunting. For dark is attracted to light.

And the Tangled Wood is known for its darkness. Within its borders run all manner of clicking, clawing things: watchers and wanters that all good people fear. Once in a year, on All Hallow’s Eve, they are allowed to venture past the confines of the Tangled Wood... and for a single night, darkness rules the world. But, by dawn, all dark creatures return, slinking deep into their shelters, taking the stars with them. For a call has commanded them to return, and they must obey it. They must obey him.

An apple falls from Emmie’s hand as a sound comes of bells and harness and carriage. And then he is there.

The Dark King rides in his dark carriage, drawn by his dark horses. Every day, at twilight, he takes this tour of his kingdom, though no one knows why.

Emmie knows.

Every day, she comes to the woods at the darkening hour. Every day, she waits for him to come, and every day, as the procession passes her, she locks eyes with the one lone figure who stares out the carriage window...

He looks lonely.

Of all dark creatures, he alone has the most cherished possession of their kind: a heart. It is a candle he keeps burning in the tallest tower of his palace, in a tiny crook in the wall. It never flickers, it never burns down, and in a place of so much darkness, darkness can not help but be attracted to the light. All dark creatures obey him and fear him, for he holds the key. Yet it does not comfort him.

So, every day, Emmie comes, and every day they gaze into eyes, foreign to one another, essentially different. It is a moment, a heartbeat... but within that tiny mote of time, Emmie holds her breath and sends him love.

Emmie is a good girl, but Dark Kings are not what good girls should want. Each day she goes home to her ordinary little cottage and her ordinary little life...and she dreams of more.

This day, this hour, she locks eyes with the King as she has done countless times before. Her gaze does not falter--nor does his...and then he is gone in the encroaching mist, swirling ghosts that devour the carriage until she hears only hoofbeats and then nothing more.

"Emmie," comes a voice. She turns, and into the dimming light appears a great red wolf.

The wolf dances with her for a moment, cat and mouse, kith and kin, for of a sudden, the beast throws off her beastly form and becomes a woman, red hair long and lank down bony back, eyes bright and fevered. A werewolf.

"It is good to see you, Scarlet." Emmie touches her friend's face with warm fingers. "But you look unwell..."

"There is no time." The woman's voice echoes, strained, harsh.

The dark comes as they sit upon the trampled ground, Emmie's heart beating a rhythm too quick, too strong. There had been urgency in her friend's voice. And fear.

“If they knew I was here, they would kill me,” whispers the wolfkin, glancing about wildly at the dark. “It is for love of you that I have come this far. You must listen, Emmie.”

She leans forward, sharp teeth bared. “Hallow’s Eve is tonight...and the dark creatures intend to break free of their prison – and not return to the Tangled Wood.”

Emmie frowns: “That is impossible. It is law--all dark creatures must obey the Dark King!”

Scarlet’s eyes furtively scan the trees before she dips closer. She smells of burning. “There is one... She has banded the dark creatures together against him... She has a plan of ruin. They call her the Dark Lady.”

“So much darkness,” Emmie sighs, rubbing her arms as a chill wind blows, creeping close to her form.

“She has bewitched the Dark King,” Scarlet whispers. “I know not how, but his candle burns lower--his heart, Emmie. They say it will burn out tonight.”

Emmie has listened carefully, but now her own heart beats cold, and she feels cold, and there is cold with long fingers, tracing her skin, freezing her spirit. Her breath comes out, and she can see it, dancing in the air like a ghost before it is gone, conquered by darkness.

“Why have you come to me, Scarlet?” she replies then, voice small.

“I know you,” Scarlet says, “I know that you are the only soul who has ever loved him.”

“He does not even know me.”

“It matters not.” The wolfkin is adamant, “No one else in the world would mourn his passing. Which is why I have come to you.”

Emmie looks down at her hands, small and white in the darkness. “How could one...like me...save him?”

“I do not know,” Scarlet replies, “But I have come to ask you if you would try.”

They had looked on one another, nothing more. But it doesn’t matter. Not truly. Emmie gathers her cape and her basket (with its bread and its flask of milk, tucked safely in soft muslin) and takes some apples for safe keeping.

“I will try,” she says to Scarlet. And together, wolf and girl begin the journey.

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“Have you ever gone deep into the Tangled Wood?” Scarlet asks. There is pure darkness all around them, and Emmie cannot walk. Hands before her were licked by thorns that clawed at her feet, at her cape.

“No,” answers Emmie, voice strained as a thorny vine bites about her wrist. She smells blood.

“The Tangled Wood is dangerous to those not of the dark.” And Scarlet steps forward. “I will help you see.”

Emmie stays very still as the Wolfkin bends her fine head. Lips brush her eyes, soft kisses flutter her lashes. They are warm.

“Open,” Scarlet whispers.

There is a different world.

Everything is black or white, shiny or dull...ten thousand shades of grey run rampant, but no color exists in this place. No matter. Emmie can now see in the dark

“It’s so...barren,” says Emmie as they continue on their way, briars reaching, but too slow now. They step quickly.

“Everything is shadow in this place,” says Scarlet as she helps the girl down a hill. “Only nightmares live here now. But they say it wasn’t always this way.”

“I would believe it,” Emmie whispers, staring up at a magnificent dead tree, limbs graceful and bare, cold and white.

“I have known you since you were a child,” Scarlet spreads her hands. “I am known as a dark creature--but am I truly dark?”

“I do not believe you are,” says Emmie to the werewolf.

Scarlet looks pleased, then smiles--it is tense and small, with little mirth, but it is enough.

“The king has a candle for a heart,” says Scarlet then. “But some of us believe we all had candles, once. Vampires, werewolves...all dark creatures. We all had hearts. I like to think on it sometimes, when it gets too cold.”

Emmie and Scarlet walk in silence, the only sound of Emmie’s blood, rushing, and the shift of feet on forest floor. Then, they hear it--a mournful

cawing that echoes in the night.

“Stay close to me,” whispers Scarlet, slipping into her lupine form.

However, they do not need such caution, for a bend in the path shows another great, dead tree with three corpses swinging from it.

“Oh, how wretched!” Emmie cries, burying her face in Scarlet’s fur.

A low, raspy laugh dances about the pair, then. The sound sends chills through the girl, and she glances up. What she sees bewitches.

“Good evening, guv’na,” the nearest corpse says, tilting his head dangerously. “Spare a copper for these hanging bones?”

“The undead,” hisses Scarlet. “I should have known.”

“That’s such a pretty thing you have there, beast,” says the second. “Shall she stay with us and play knuckle bones?”

Emmie shudders, and together they walk past the watching corpses, now silent as the grave.

“Wait!” cries a different voice. It was sudden and gave a fright to Emmie, but it is only a crow, cawing on the highest branch.

“I know you, Scarlet!” says the Crow, “But I know not her.”

“Emmie, sir,” says Emmie strongly – though her voice wavers. The corpses laugh and sway, laugh and sway.

“Emmie,” says the Crow thoughtfully, as if tasting the word. His feathers shine richly, and Emmie is not afraid. “Emmie,” he says again, “can you, perhaps, help me?”

She looks to Scarlet, who shrugs a wolfish shrug.

“I will try, Sir Crow,” says Emmie.

“These three were hung as thieves,” caws the crow. “I had a shiny key, and the middle one stole it! It is my greatest treasure.”

My greatest treasure is the king, Emmie thinks. So she says: “I will help you, Sir Crow.”

“These fellows have sacks at the foot of the tree.” The crow flies down, alighting on the ground beside them, preening rich, black feathers. “I may not touch it--but darkness must bend to light.”

Emmie steps toward the tree, and from the corpses arises such a dirge that she has to cover her ears and cry out herself. They shriek and shake and quake on their ropes, and Emmie is afraid.

“They cannot harm you,” says the crow, flapping broad wings. “Please--it is my greatest treasure.”

So Emmie breathes in and she breathes out, and with eyes firmly planted on the tree, steps forward, and again. And again. Though her body shakes, though she wishes to run. The corpses shriek as she sinks down on a pile of leaves and digs beneath them. Her hands feel cloth. The sacks.

They are filled with gold – chalices and chains and all manner of shiny things. But in the bottom of one is a single brass key. Emmie leaves the treasures and returns to the crow with her prize.

“You have saved my life,” the crow bows to her, beak brushing the earth before he takes the key in thin claws. “I am in your debt. What would you will of me?”

Scarlet shakes her shaggy pelt and is, once more, a woman. “We must go, Emmie. We haven’t long. We mustn’t tarry.”

Emmie turns to the great, black bird: “I go to try and save the Dark King, Sir Crow. Would you come with us?”

“Until I may repay your good deed, I am your companion,” answers the crow. And together, wolfkin, girl and bird continue down the path.

They have not gone long (speaking of anything or nothing at all) before they hear a strange sound. A sort of mewling fills the air, pitiful and mournful both as it echoes about them in the misty wood.

“Why, it sounds like a puss!” exclaims Emmie. “Sir kitty! Kitty, kitty, kitty...”

A dreadful yowling comes, then, and Scarlet cannot help but growl, and Crow can not help but caw, and Emmie covers her ears and almost trips over the well.

It is an old well, with a wall of stones about, hiding the dark waters within. Emmie is almost claimed by it but instead grips the sides and looks down in, curious. Great, green eyes blink back.

“Sir Cat!” she exclaims. “Are you well?”

“I am drowning,” hisses the cat. “No, I am not well, sorry to say.”

Scarlet peers over the edge and laughs. “Why, Sir Cat! Your tricks brought you to trouble this time, I see!”

“None of your nonsense, Scarlet!” the cat hisses again. “I see I will get no help from you!”

“But, Sir Cat--surely you will drown!” says Emmie, looking down at his poor, sodden mess of fur. “The water is too deep!”

“I have seven lives more,” cries the cat confidently. “This is just a bump in the road, my dear!”

The cat’s black fur blends into the shadows perfectly, as it is very dark down below, but Emmie can still make out a bucket on a rope, and here, where she stands, a pulley.

“You, of course, have seven lives, Sir Cat,” says Emmie soothingly, “but why waste one if you needn’t have to? Here,” and she wiggles the pulley. Below in the darkness, the bucket splashes, and the cat yowls. “Climb into the bucket, and I will pull you out!”

There are some grievous mutterings, though it is too distant to hear... and then some small splashes. “Pull me up!” cries the cat, and, struggling a little, Emmie winds the rope.

The cat, when close enough, leaps to the ground, primly and immediately beginning to wash his sodden fur. He blends perfectly into the darkness of the night--only two great, green, glowing eyes shine from the shadows.

“You are most welcome, Sir Cat,” mutters Scarlet. Emmie smiles.

“Be well in your travels,” she curtsies to the puss and begins down the path again before an exasperated sigh follows them--and a “wait!”

With his nose in the air, Sir Cat comes between Emmie and Crow.

“Since you...” his whiskers twitch, “offered me assistance out of that personal predicament, I have decided to grace you--*grace* you, mind--with my noble presence and companionship.”

“Until...” the crow prompted.

“Until there may be such a time as another personal predicament for yourself arises that I may, of course, solve instantly,” says the cat with dryness.

“We would be most honored, Sir Cat,” and Emmie curtsies, and Scarlet laughs, and the crow caws as crows are wont to do.

And they follow the path.

They have not gone long (speaking of anything or nothing at all) before the cat’s tail begins to twitch and his whiskers dance, and he dives off the path.

“Now what?” asks Scarlet testily, as all follow. They enter a wide clearing with two trees, and, between these two trees hangs a net, and in the

net is a black, winged thing. Sir Cat leaps up at him, even as the bat struggles.

"No!" cries Emmie, and cat and bat both stop. "Don't be horrible!" she tells Sir Cat severely, and then, with gentle hands, takes the bat from his prison.

"Emmie, it is dangerous here," insists Scarlet as the girl sits upon the ground, bat cradled in her arms. "Have you no common sense--no fear?"

"I see a need, and I help," answers Emmie simply. The bat lies in her arms and does not move, save for the shallow rise and fall of his chest.

"Sir Cat, you frightened him so!" says Emmie in admonishment. Sir Cat licks his five toes and pretends not to hear her.

"He's fine," says the crow, then, cocking his head. "Save for that broken wing."

It is true--a small, white bone bites through the thin membrane of skin and wing. Scarlet sniffs the air with distaste. "I think it's a vampire."

"I don't understand," says Emmie, not letting go of the creature. "Why does he not transform to his human shape, then?"

"They can't. If they get...broken..." Sir Crow chooses the words most cautiously. "Then they must remain in that shape until they get--unbroken."

Emmie winces, and stares at the broken bone.

"We haven't long. We mustn't tarry," says Scarlet.

"We can't very well leave him like this," mutters the girl, and, clenching her teeth, takes the tiny bone in gentle fingers, and straightens it.

Instantly, the bat form dissolves to reveal a beautiful young man, pale and thin, head pillowed upon her lap, arm in Emmie's hands.

"Oh, do pardon me," she whispers.

"No pardon--hunters set that trap. They would have staked me!" The vampire wiggles his fingers. "Anyway, I'm right as rain--we heal most quickly! And thank you!"

"She is most welcome, but we were just leaving." Scarlet takes Emmie's shoulders firmly and steers her back onto the path.

"Please wait!" calls the vampire. "How can I ever repay you?"

Scarlet stifles a groan as her charge turns, only too eager: "Come with us!" says a delighted Emmie. "We go to save the Dark King!"

"For certain I will join you!" The vampire bows and goes to fetch his top hat and cane from the bushes.

“All right, Emmie, but not another companion!” mutters Scarlet, as wolfkin, girl, crow, cat and vampire follow the path once more.

They go a short way, they go a long way, but--eventually--boots and paws and claws take them from dusty paths to muddy roads to cobblestone streets. And, ahead of them, grows the Dark City.

Tall, black towers and monstrous walls bleed down to a small gate that is toothlike: an angry grin to enter.

Emmie stares up at the monster and feels so small. Her new and old companions say nothing--instead, they look to her. She walks up to the gate.

“I can help you, mistress,” whispers the vampire, then. “I am sometime servant to the Dark King--they know me here. May I repay you?”

“Yes, if you will,” whispers Emmie, most gratefully. “But you don’t have to.”

“But I will,” shrugs the vampire.

He says a word, and the gate opens. They look at him wonderingly and follow into the city.

It is so empty and cold in this place. Emmie draws her cape closer about herself and wills straying eyes to avoid the shadows.

So far, they have been lucky--but in a court of dark creatures, how long can good will last? She knows this. She must not look into the shadows.

“This way,” hisses the vampire, and quietly they follow him.

It is a ghost city. Booths and doorways and windows are open, as if their inhabitants have stepped away for an evening meal, ready to return in a simple moment. The silence deafens Emmie, and she almost dies of fright when Sir Cat treads on her toes.

Above them, the sharp towers loom closer and closer until there... there are the gates of the palace.

“It should be easy to get in,” the vampire waves to the gate, “for tonight is Hallow’s Eve... and the ball is already underway.”

“Ball?” Emmie whispers. Her heart aches, and before he speaks, she knows.

“The Dark King and Dark Lady are hosting a ball. A dance,” he says. “Something about everlasting love.”

Dull silence surrounds them until Scarlet coughs. “Not that it matters. It is untrue. He is bewitched. Right, Emmie?”

“Right,” she replies, feeling ever so small.

They walk into the palace, then: vampire, cat, crow, wolfkin and girl. Scarlet puts an arm about her and draws her close. "It's advice that is older than I," she says, then, kindly. "But you must trust yourself. It's Hallow's Eve--the night of deep magic. Anything can happen."

Dark corridors twist and wind before them as they make their way steadily upward. Step by step, the sounds of melancholy music and chattering come, spiraling about their bodies, bewitching their minds. The heady scent of cider draws close, now, and the swish of velvets, and there are pumpkins along the walls--all on fire.

They turn a corner and the ball spreads before them.

There is dancing and elaborate gowns. Emmie notices this first and draws her cape even closer about her slight form, ashamed of the simple dress she wears, so very far from a ballgown. The music is sad and lonely--melodies that hint to so much more. And there, in the center of the assembled creatures and kinsmen and myths and nightmares is the Dark King.

Emmie watches, feeling broken, as he gives his hand to a woman. She is pale and tall and everlastingly beautiful with eyes like stars. But stars shine and burn bright--these are flat, listless, dead.

They dance.

The music, now, changes. First, a pretty waltz, then a different rhythm Emmie can not quite place. They are beautiful as they move, spinning as leaves, delicate. Effortless.

She watches them move, watches the Dark King's hands wrap around his lady's... and Emmie turns, ready to leave.

"Don't be a fool. This--it is all treachery," hisses Scarlet. "Look with your heart, Emmie -- vision lies."

She is small--a nothing, really. How can she ever compare? But Emmie turns back...

The King looks at her. Eyes lock, time stands still and the dance... stops.

How can this be? The Dark King is striding forward--hesitant, but now, quickly--and he stands before her and her mouth opens and closes and eyes are wide and hands are clasped and the Dark King bows before he says, quiet voice solemn: "Do I...know you?"

“We have...not yet met, your majesty.” Emmie’s heart is in her throat, she can look nowhere else but within those deep, dark pools. She is drowning.

“What is your name?”

“Emmie.”

“Emmie.” The Dark King turns the word on his tongue, saying it like melody. “Emmie--may I, perhaps, ask a favor?” His eyes betray something, but what it is, she knows not. Here, now, she fairly shakes, but manages a: “Yes, anything.” It’s true.

“Would you dance with me?”

Is this real? Does it matter? (It should.) her mind reprimands, and then her fine hand is in his own, and the red cape falls to the floor and Emmie and the Dark King begin to dance.

Emmie has only danced beneath trees, arms spread in worship to the sky and bright star and sun--turning seasons spring beneath bare feet, rhythm of heart beat and wind rush, the only music to her joy. Now, she steps lightly, remembering those moments, reliving them with soft stillness...in love.

He...He is lovely--dark mane and dark eyes and gentle features. Kind. Good. If she stops to think, she will question: her worth, this moment, this dream. So she does not think. She dances.

They say nothing, but his hand tightens about her own, and long fingers press her side, and she could weep from the touch. Instead, she breathes. In and out, in and out. Bodies whirl and feet step and Emmie’s heart...grows.

“If you don’t mind.” The voice is cold, winter nights and bottomless wells. Emmie trips and somehow falls--has the king let go? Her knees smart, connecting with marble, and she looks up, up, up as music stops and heart plummets.

The Dark Lady.

(Tonight is All Hallow’s Eve...)

“I’m so sorry.” Emmie says--to both of them. And then she’s backing into the crowd, trying to find a way out of this labyrinth, this maze, of well dressed bodies and heartless things.

A candle in the tallest tower. She must think on these things--she *must*. But tears fall down her cheeks and when she dares a glance back, she is

undone. The Dark Lady is kissing the Dark King. It is over.

It is over for her...but not truly for the king. Blinded by tears, Emmie finds a way out of that stifling press of darkness and trips on...stairs?

Up. Up. Ever up. The king's heart burns in the tallest tower, and this is all that matters now. Emmie take the steps two at a time. Weeping. Alone.

No--not alone. A rush of black feathers and Sir Crow lands on her shoulder, beak nestled against raven mane. "I will help you find the tower," he says, and then he directs her. Right, left, right again. Down blood red corridors and halls as dark as pitch, girl and crow wander until, finally, she has climbed the final set of stairs. And there are doors.

Thirteen doors down a dead end hall. "The thirteenth," Sir Crow whispers, and flaps his mighty wings out an open window. He has repaid the kindness and Emmie is once more alone.

"The thirteenth," she whispers, and opens the door.

There is a candle. It is small--almost burned out--a stub of wax flickering in the darkness. It is enshrined in a crook in the wall... and it is so small.

Emmie steps forward and reaches to touch it. The wax is warm, malleable. She traces thin fingers over soft contours, eyes closed.

"Emmie."

His voice makes her heart stop, sing, break. She turns and the Dark King is in the room and she does not know what to do. Or say.

His heart is--literally--in her hands.

"I remember you, now." He steps forward, "The girl in the forest," another step... "Every day..."

"Please don't," Emmie whispers, blinded by salt water, pouring from wine dark eyes. Salt of the sea, salt of the earth...tears...

As the king steps forward, a curious thing begins to happen. The candle in her hands, in the crook of the wall flickers--the flame grows stronger, waxing full. Growing. Emmie stares at it a moment in amazement. Surely her eyes play tricks. Surely...

He takes her hand, now. She lets go of the candle. It flickers, still, but shines true. The flame is strong.

"You have come every day." His voice is gentle, her heart races. "Why?"

Good girls should not want Dark Kings. But she did. Good girls tell no lies. But she does...

"To pick berries. And sometimes apples." Her voice wavers, and she is still crying. With her free hand, she reaches into her dress pocket and draws out a red apple, a ruby in the candlelight.

"No other reason?" He sounds so sad.

Lonely.

Alone.

"What are you doing?" It is so cold, that voice, darkness on an autumn night--darkness without stars. The Dark Lady stands in the doorway, lips snarling.

The candle flickers. Emmie stares at it as the Dark Lady strides forward. It burns down.

"My lord, it is almost the witching hour! Time for the dark creatures to begin their journey..." her voice purrs, her anger masked. "Come--let us say goodbye."

She reaches to kiss him. She is moving too fast, spider quick across the cold floor, arms are spread, smile so inviting...fangs sharp.

The candle flickers as if troubled by some ill wind. Emmie can not breathe as the Dark Lady comes, closer now--closer still. It is almost burned out!

It is the Witching Hour.

She is too late.

A curious thing happens, just then. The Dark Lady, this magnificent, graceful creature...falters. She trips?

"Sir Cat!" cries Emmie as he missteps the Dark Lady. He turns, twin green eyes burning.

"Break the spell!" he says calmly, and begins to wash his front right paw. The Dark Lady falls...

It is a long moment of wondering, hoping...wishing. But Sir Cat's eyes are steady, and all of Emmie's dreams come back. She knows what she must do.

And Emmie kisses the Dark King.

It was an easy movement--she was so close, she needed only to reach up, stand on tippy toes, arms clasped tightly about his neck, and touch lips to his own. First, she brushes them there gently, but then he puts his own

hands about her waist, and she can no longer resist. She kisses him, and it is fairy tale and charming story enough for the world as we live it.

If either had looked as Sir Cat now does, they would see the candle of the Dark King's heart--how it grows, tall and splendid, a blazing taper.

And the Dark Lady? It was a spell indeed that had bewitched the king so. Now, the magic is spent and her lovely form falls away to reveal a plain, black spider. Who can tell if it scurries away? Sir Cat certainly looks smug, after all. And cats keep secrets.

But one no longer needs to be kept.

Sir Cat blinks lazily up at Emmie and king, still embracing, still in that first, newfound moment. He excuses himself and trundles a graceful way down to the ball, where the others wait, anxious.

"It all worked out," he says primly to Scarlet, vampire and crow.

The werewolf turns her back to the world and glances to the full moon, cresting over forest and tower. If she imagines, there they are--embracing. It is right.

"Now whatever shall we do?" says the crow, as if to himself.

"The witching hour has only just begun..." says the cat with a grin.

"Then, so have we," whispers Scarlet.

And darkness went out into the world.

For a time.

About the Author:

Sarah Diemer is a Persephone girl. She tells stories, makes jewelry and runs around after several animals in a lovely, purple-doored house in the country. She likes to think she is funny. When not up to her elbows in glue and words, she hula hoops and gardens, dresses up like a fairy and recites poetry when she thinks no one is looking. She loves her wife more than anything in the universe. You can find out about her new novels, take a peek at the jewelry she makes out of old fairy tales and generally see several sparkly and interesting things at her site, <http://www.oceanid.org>, or her blog, <http://www.muserising.com>

Author's Note:

The first edition of this story was written for a line of original Halloween art pendants that we created for our Etsy shop, Glamourkin. There have been two Halloween fairy tales thus far, and I plan to release one for each Halloween going forward. If you wish to learn more, you can visit <http://Glamourkin.etsy.com>